

guns—some heavy ship guns—lent by us to them, with one artillery man in each redoubt to look after them. These hills cross the valley of Balaklava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator then to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp, before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaklava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand. Immediately below he would behold a valley and plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side. He would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill, a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley, then in a line with it some angular earth works, then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's hill. At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley there is an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into various pinnacles and plateaux of rock. In outline and appearance, this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trossacha. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava as they close in the entrance of the harbor on the right. The camp of the marines pitched on the hill sides more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, are opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol, and your right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town, and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the 93d Highlanders.

The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the Highlanders, and nearer to the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land.—On your left the hills and rocky mountain ranges gradually close in toward the course of the Tchernava, till at three or four miles distance from Balaklava the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rise tier after tier of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south where they attain the alpine dimensions of Tschatyr Dag. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's Farm, Inkerman, Simpherpol, or Bakshiserai, to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaklava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French works on the northern side, i. e., the side which in relation to the valley to Balaklava forms the rear of our position. It was evident enough that Menschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probable at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which are not always as watchful as might be desired; and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turk. I say "despised" because we hear from prisoners and from other sources that, notwithstanding all the drubbings received on the Danube from the Osmanli the Russians have the most ineffable contempt for the champions of the Crescent.

OUR CAVALRY—THE RUSSIAN SKIRMISHERS—FLIGHT OF THE TURKS.

At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan were formed in glittering masses, the light brigade under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the heavy brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerable to the rear of their right the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in a line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. More behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our guns, which inflicted some injury and Sir Colin Campbell retired his men to a better position.—Meantime the enemy advanced his Cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach.—They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubts No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but the horse hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied along the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers were

plainly audible. As the lances and light cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up and the little "peloton" in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt and the guns of No 2 redoubt, soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earth works and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets as they run at the enemy. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It lays the flying Turks, and steel flashes in the air, and down goes the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian Cavalry. The distance is too great for shell or shot to reach.

In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen. Their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses.

THE RIVAL CAVALRY CHARGE.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russian—evidently corps d'élite—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill.

A forest of lances glistened in the rear, and several squadrons of gray coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us that in another moment we would see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes.—Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Louaves, French Generals and Officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of the theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot and at last nearly halted. The first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Grays and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards, it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms.—The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance and threaten to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russians right, the Grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same time. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians.—The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and the Grays and the red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy—it was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second man, when with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though

it were made of pasteboard, and dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disorderly by the terrible assault of the Grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. The Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip; in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

Lord Raglan at once dispatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier Gen. Scarlett, and to say "well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about 35 killed and wounded in both affairs (the second will be detailed subsequently.)

Major Clarke was slightly wounded, and had a narrow escape from a sabre cut at the back of his head. Lieutenant-Colonel Griffiths retired after the first charge having been wounded at the back of the head. Cornet Pendergast was wounded in the foot. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

Communications.

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.

SIR:—I noticed in a late No. of the *Woodstock Journal* a communication from a gentleman calling himself "Fair Play," the object of which seems to be to disclose one very important fact, viz: that you are the identical author of the production signed "AN OLD FRIEND." Now if it really is so and you have been guilty of such an act of perfidy in endeavoring to thus impose upon the public mind, that gentleman is certainly worthy of much credit,—some one at my elbow whispers, nearly as much as the worthy scribe, calling himself "A Farmer," who was so actively engaged previous to the 29th of February 1852. But for my own part I was so very simple as to believe that the letter of "An Old Friend" was in reality from some of your Correspondents. And, Mr. Editor, I find that my neighbours are of the same opinion with myself; and despite all the endeavours of "Fair Play," they seem resolved to still retain that opinion; so tenacious are they of this idea, that I am afraid, so far as they are concerned, *Fair Play's* labour will be quite in vain. The reasons they assign for such an opinion are quite satisfactory to themselves, and I would not wonder if they would be to the public in general. One reason they give is this, they say we have been acquainted with Mr. McLauchlan for many years, and we never knew him either publicly or privately to be guilty of any act of fraud or deception of any kind; and further say they, we have never had any cause to question his veracity in any case whatever, and we do not think he would be guilty of a falsehood either to advance his own interests or for any other cause.* My neighbours are so inquisitive about matters that some of them would like to know what kind of change the five pounds were in which "*Fair Play*" forwarded to the Editor of the *Journal*, whether it might not have been some part of the £75 a year, which a certain legal gentleman was paid out of their hard earnings previous to our being incorporated. But I must not make this letter too prolix. Should opportunity offer you will probably hear from me again.

Yours &c.,

Brighton, 5th December, '54. A LIBERAL.

* Our correspondent will please excuse us for omitting part of his communication

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.

SIR:—I see by the *Journal* of the 27th ultimo, that "*Fair Play*" has added something more to his numerous falsehoods, by again asserting that you are the author of the communication in the *Sentinel* of the 28th October last, over the signature of "AN OLD FRIEND."

Had you published my second letter I think he would not have had brass enough in his phiz (although there might be more in it than in his pocket) to repeat such an absolute-something which decency prevents me from naming. In that letter I told by what means I was informed who this person is this that signs himself "*Fair Play*."—If this appellation was ever justly due to him, it must have been a pretty long time ago; but it is altogether inapplicable in these "*latter times*."—

However knowing the reason that prevented you from publishing my last letter, I will try and say nothing in this which you will have any cause to scruple; but it will be necessary to take a look at both of his letters and notice a few of his statements.

In speaking of you he says,—“His speeches and displays have always been compounded of little anecdotes and witticisms.” This I think should cause him to have a friendly feeling towards you, for many a night he sat displaying witticisms as long and sometimes longer than he had wit to display them. In his “friendly advice” to you he wishes you to remember “that the Editor of the *Journal* is striving by hard industry and honesty to work his way in the world.” What a pity that some others with whom that Editor is intimately acquainted had not pursued a similar course, for had they done so they might not now be obliged to follow the one they do sometimes. In speaking further of that Editor he says, “he is young in years and inexperienced, and requires the sympathy and encouragement of the public.” I once knew a person that relied so much on the sympathy and encouragement of the public that he wore both out, and the public for certain reasons had to give him up; so that it is dangerous to depend too much on public sympathy if men's conduct does not prove them worthy of public esteem. In giving you further advice he wishes you to remember “that you are well skilled in all the subtleties of the profession, and therefore possess very great advantages.” There have been others who were well skilled in all the subtleties of their profession, and possessed very great advantages also, but in consequence of not acting honestly in their profession, they soon had nothing professionally to do; and the Editor of the *Sentinel* may rest assured that if he attempts also to defraud the public he will meet with a similar fate. This sage adviser also says, “It is very desirable that this OLD FRIEND should consent not only to modify his remarks, but to affix to his production his own real name, if he be desirous of removing the odium and contempt from where they at present attach.” I must say in reply to this, that the odium which such a falsehood can attach to a respectable and honest man is of so little consequence that it is not worth removing; but the odium and contempt rest on the shoulders of the slanderer who strives to place a stigma on a man who is entirely innocent; yet had *Fair Play* affixed his real name to his production, I would not had the least hesitation to do the same, although I freely admit I am not as well skilled in subtleties as he is, yet I think I have the advantage of him in a more important point, namely veracity; for his malicious falsehoods in relation to you are sufficient to sink him still lower in public estimation.

I will now say a few words to the numerous readers of the *Sentinel*. As I consider that I have been the cause, though innocently, of bringing on you the scurrility and abuse of that envious writer, I therefore solemnly declare before Him who knows the secrets of all hearts, that I who now write this wrote every word of the communication in the *Sentinel* of 28th October last, over the signature of “An Old Friend,” and that the Editor of the *Sentinel* had nothing to do, either directly or indirectly, with the writing, nor, to the best of my knowledge, was there a single word altered in it, from it left me, till it appeared in the *Sentinel* of the above date; and I further declare in the same most solemn manner that I write this in true faith, without any evasion of any kind whatever.—It now rests with the reader to judge whether there be any truth in the statements of that slanderer who subscribes himself “Fair Play,”—whose statements I again repeat are utterly untrue. The concluding paragraph of his last communication shows that he is well skilled in cunning and deception. He says “I send you here with the names of ten more subscribers together with five pounds!” Not so fast Mr *Fair Play*, to use your own words and your old customs. “You cannot pull the wool over people's eyes;” you did that long enough and fleeced them also, but there is an end to all things. “The fox (how applicable) runs long but he is caught at last.” You had to quit pulling the wool over people's eyes, for they would not let you. Had these ten wanted to give in their names they could have done it themselves; and had there been five pounds to send they would have deposited it with a safer agent.—Because the Editor of the *Sentinel* noticed the few dollars that I forwarded to him, you thought you would say something about dollars also, but the trick is rather transparent—it is easy seen through. But, Mr. Editor, I wonder how this “*Fair Play*” came to the conclusion that it was the *Journal* I had reference to when I said I was “tired reading a paper which had no Editor, or what is just,